

The Newport Daily News.

VOL. XIV NEWPORT.

THURSDAY MORNING, AUG 25, 1859.

NO 67

The Daily News.

Published every Morning, (Sundays excepted) by
GEORGE T. HAMMOND,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
At 123 Thames Street.

TERMS:
Newport Daily News, \$3 per annum if paid strictly in advance. Single copies one cent.
Newport Weekly News, \$1.25 per annum, strictly in advance.

ADVERTISING.
TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS are inserted for 75 cents per square of 10 lines for the first insertion, and 17 1/2 cents per square for each subsequent insertion. Transient advertisements are required to pay in advance.

No advertisements can be inserted gratuitously for charitable or other societies, public institutions or companies.

Daily News Job Printing Office.
We would respectfully inform our friends in the city and the country, that we have connected with our Paper a Job Printing Establishment, which is furnished with an entire stock of new types, &c., which will enable us to do Job work with neatness and dispatch. Job work will be done at the lowest prices, for cash on delivery.

NEW BUSINESS CARDS.
GREAT INDIAN REMEDY, FOR FEMALES.

Dr. MATTHEW'S INDIAN REMEDY Cures female obstructions, often in twenty-four hours after all other remedies have been tried in vain. It is a rich vegetable Female Restorative, and for the purpose for which it is designed, it is worth its weight in gold. It is warranted in all cases. Sent by express to all parts of the country. Sold only at Dr. MATTHEW'S REMEDIAL INSTITUTION, 28 Union street, Providence, R. I. Circulars giving full information, with a pamphlet on Obstructions of Women, and on PRURITUS and CUTANEOUS MALADIES, sent free by enclosing a stamp to Dr. MATTHEW as above. See special notice in this paper.

SWINBURNE, PECKHAM & CO.,
Dealers in Lumber, Brick, Lime, Cement, &c. Also, dealers in Hardware, Cutlery, Joiners' Tools, House Trimmings, Sheet Lead, Nails, Saws, Tacks, &c.

SWINBURNE & GOFFE,
TAILORS & DRAPERS,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
READY MADE CLOTHING,
Hats, Caps, umbrellas and Furnishing Goods.

ALSO
Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Bonnets and Millinery Stuffs, Embroideries &c. &c., Nos. 135, 137, 141, Thames street.
SWINBURNE'S Block.

CHARLES WILLIAMS,
Dealer in
The purest Red and White Ash Coals, by the ton or cargo, and also semi-anthracite and bituminous coals, and all kinds of wood for kindling or other purposes.

Wharf opposite foot of Denison-st. j14

J. B. WEEDEN,
Architect and Builder, No. 2 Slocum's Wharf, Opposite Narragansett Building.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO AND WORK DONE IN THE BEST POSSIBLE MANNER.
j6-1y

FINCH, ENGS & CO.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Lumber and Hardware,
Store and Wharf Nos. 131 & 133 Thames-st.,
Newport, R. I.

T. M. SEABURY,
Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots and Shoes,
140 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

JOSEPH M. LYON,
Plumber, Brass & Copper Worker,
Manufacturer of Pumps, Kettles, Steam Pipes,
Repairs and general Jobbing promptly
attended to at
236 THAMES STREET.

R. S. BARKER'S
FAMILY GROCERY,
Established 1820.—163 Thames street,
Where may be found a choice selection of
Teas, Coffee, Spices, Foreign Fruits,
English Pickles and Sauces,
Wines, Liquors, &c. &c.

GEORGE H. WILSON,
Contractor and Builder,
REDWOOD, CORNER COTTAGE STREET,
Newport, R. I.

Jobbing in all its branches, executed in the neatest manner, and all orders faithfully attended to.

WILLIAM CORNELL,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCER,
And dealer in
Dry Goods, Shoes, Paper Hangers, Agricultural Implements, &c.
17 & 19 Broad-st., and No. 1 Spring-st.
Junction of Broad & Spring.
Newport, R. I.

M. W. SPENCER,
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER,
On Sherman's wharf and coal wharf, next door to
Z. T. Hammond's, Thames-st., Newport, R. I.
Jobbing in all its branches executed in the neatest manner, and all orders faithfully attended to.

JOHN R. STANHOPE,
SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
32 SOUTH-STREET, NEW YORK.
Orders for the Purchase and Shipment of Merchandise promptly executed.

EDWARD CORNING, ESQ.,
MESSRS. STANFORD, STANFORD & CO

BERKELEY INSTITUTE,
15 Washington Square.

A Classical and Commercial School. Boys thoroughly prepared for College, or for business. Students also admitted to a partial course of study, and to classes in the Modern Languages. Classes of young ladies in the Modern Languages, and Drawing.

WM. C. LEVERETT, Principal.
June 27, 3m

Business Cards.

W. & P. BRYER,
Wholesale and Retail dealers in
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
Flour, Grain, &c., &c.
Also, extensive dealers in Bleached and Unbleached Sperm, Lard, Olefiant and Whale Oils, Stone Store, 15 Broad-st.,
Newport, R. I.

J. B. LANGLEY, JR. & CO.,
Store Dealers and Tin-Plate, Sheet-Iron and Copper Workers,
123 THAMES STREET,
Opposite Finch & Eng's, Newport, R. I.

J. B. LANGLEY, JR. & CO.,
Jobbing punctually attended to. j1

LANGLEY & NORMAN,
DRAPERS AND TAILORS,
104 THAMES-ST., NEWPORT.
Constantly on hand a complete assortment of
Cloths and Furnishing Goods.

ONE PRICE SHOE STORE.
JOHN J. CARRY,
DEALER IN
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,
172 THAMES ST., (between Pelham and Mill.)
Boots and shoes made and repaired at short notice, under the special direction of Mr. H. Lincoln.

WILLIAM B. SWAN,

DRAPER & TAILOR,
No. 133 Thames street,
Offers for sale a fine supply of suitable goods, such as French and German Broad Cloths, Cassimeres and Dressings, English and American Cashmeres and Tweeds, Silk and Cravats, &c. A good supply of furnishing goods. Also, ready made Over Coats, Frock Coats, Pants and Vests.

TEAMING.
The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he continues to attend to teaming and will always be found on hand at the New York and Providence steamers, ready to convey goods to any part of the city on reasonable terms. He will also pack and move Pianos with the utmost care.

All orders left at the office 139 Thames-st. or at his residence 35 Levin street, will be punctually attended to.

CHARLES G. VAN ZANDT,
Attorney at Law,
Office 123 Thames street, (up stairs)
Newport, R. I.

VAN ZANDT & SANFORD,
Attorneys at Law,
Office No. 18 College street,
Providence, R. I.

CHAS. O. VAN ZANDT, WM. SANFORD.

JAMES H. HAMMETT,
Dealer in
Fancy and Staple Dry Goods,
No. 35 THAMES STREET.

JOHN H. GLADDING,
AGENTS AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 150 THAMES-ST., NEWPORT, R. I.

BEGS leave, most respectfully, to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the above store, and having had several years' experience in the business, feels confident of giving entire satisfaction to any who may trust merchandise or business to his management.

N. B.—Consignments respectfully solicited.
jy21

JULIUS SAYER,
Wholesale and Retail Grocer,
No. 207 THAMES ST.
NEWPORT, R. I.

Constantly on hand, every description of Choice Groceries, Fruit, Foreign and Domestic Fruits, &c., &c.

D. VIO H. BARKER,
Dealer in Guns, Pistols, Fishing and Shooting Tackle, Rods, Hooks, Lines, Bait, Fish Baskets, Nets, Gills, Plovers, Squids, Powder, Shot, Caps, Wads, Drinking Flasks, Pocket Cutlery, Razors, Razor Strops, Dog Collars, Dog Chains, Bird Cages, Bird Nests, Violin Strings, Accordions, and a variety of Fancy Articles.
No. 2, Duke street, corner of Parade.

WILLIAM G. HAMMOND,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Commissioner for NEW YORK, PENNSYLVANIA, LOUISIANA, and all the other States of the Union.
Office, 124 Thames street,
Over Hammond's Book Store.

JAMES MAGEE,
Hawass Maker, Curvyer, Tinner, &c.,
Has at his store in Broad street, a great assortment of all these articles, &c.
Persons about to purchase articles in this line, will please call and examine my stock of goods.
m5-1f

DOWNING
REPECTFULLY solicits your patronage. He manufactures all manner of Creams, fancy creams, among them Milk Cream, Cream, Mince Pudding, Plum pudding, Charlotte, Cakes, &c. Soups, choice mince dishes, Game, and other delicacies. He begs that those using the "four minute" machine to make Ice Cream (the virtue of which is solely a matter of time) will compare his smooth well manipulated Ice Cream with that made by the machine, he believes that those who appreciate a good thing will let the Machine rest, or convert it to some other purpose.
jy13-tf

THE HAMMOND FARMER—A new paper devoted to Literature and Agriculture, also setting forth full accounts of new settlements in Louisiana, in New Jersey, can be subscribed for only 25 cents per annum.

Inclose postage stamps for the amount. Address to Editor of the Farmer, Hammon ton, P. O. Atlantic Co., New Jersey. This wishing cheap land, of the best quality, of the healthiest and most delightful climates in the Union, and where crops are never out down by frosts, the terrible scourge of the north, and advertisement of Hammon ton Lands.
jy13-6m

GLASS SHADES! GLASS SHADES!
Of all sizes for window GLASSES, PLOW BBS, MIRRORS, ORNAMENTS, &c. &c. Constantly on hand and made to order.
DEPOT 156 WILLIAM STREET, Cor. Astor and Broadway, NEW YORK.

The trade supplied with a price list, on application.

Miscellaneous.

R. HOLLOVAY'S
NEW YORK MARKET.
135, 137, 139 THAMES STREET.
THE undersigned having purchased the entire interest of F. P. POSTER, in the New York Market, will continue to carry on the general

MARKETING BUSINESS
and hopes, by strict attention to business and the low scale of prices, to command a fair share of public patronage.

I shall always have on hand POULTRY and GAME in their season, and the largest variety of FRUIT and VEGETABLES as early as the SOUTH LICK and NEW YORK MARKETS afford. Also BUTTER, Cheese, Ham, Bacon, Lard, Eggs, &c., at wholesale and retail, which I will sell at prices that cannot fail to give entire satisfaction.

A fresh supply always on hand, of the choice NEW YORK OYSTERS & CLAMS.—Proprietors of Hotels, ships and families will find it to their advantage to call and examine the stock.

W. E. HOLLOVAY
DEALER IN
LADIES' DELIGHT!
RELIEF COME AT LAST!
WISNERS Washing Machine, P.

Just received Sept. 25th, 1859, is a large 1 1/2 with wings fitted on the bottom, also on the top side of the rubber. It stands on a stool, and weighs about 25 lbs.; is simple and handy and has been thoroughly examined and tried by thousands at the West within the past year, who pronounce it to be the best labor saver ever offered to the public. It has been tested sufficiently long to prove that when used it has been used properly, it will cut a better story for itself than can communicate. Give it a trial, and you will be entirely satisfied of its superior merit.

A. G. GREENE, Agent.
No. 15 Church-st., Newport, R. I.

UNDERTAKERS.
COFFINS and other funeral apparatus.—The subscribers have on hand and will make at short notice coffins of every description of wood and finish; also robes, trimmings, &c., and if desired they will superintend funeral arrangements and furnish all articles connected with and used on these mournful occasions.

They have also a method of preserving a corpse for any desirable length of time, until friends and relatives can arrive from Europe or distant parts of our own country.

It required they can give the best of references as to their mode of attending to matters of this kind.

Orders for the whole or part of these arrangements are solicited, and will be promptly executed, with the utmost regard for the feelings of those concerned.

J. L. & A. HALL, JR.
jy10-11

NOTICE.
The subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and the public generally, that he still continues to carry on the Plumbing Business in all its branches at Joseph Lyon's shop, on Commercial Street. He has a large assortment of pipes of the best quality for sale at cost—also lead pipe, sheet lead, and the usual articles kept by plumbers. (38) N. M. CHAFFIN.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS
R. L. EDDY, Solicitor of PATENTS
(Late Agent of U. S. Patent Office, Washington, under the Act of 1837.)
NO. 79 STATE, OPPOSITE KILBY ST.,
BOSTON.

AFTER an extensive practice of upwards of twenty years, continues to secure Patents in the United States; also in Great Britain, France, and other foreign countries. Cases, Specifications, Assignments, and all Papers or Drawings for Patents, executed on liberal terms, and with dispatch. Researches made into American or Foreign works, to determine the validity or utility of Patents or Inventions, and legal or other advice rendered in all matters touching the same. Copies of the claims of any Patent furnished by remitting One Dollar. Assignments recorded at Washington.

This Agency is not only the largest in New England, but enough it inventors have arranged for securing patents, unobtainable by not immediately superior to any which can be offered them elsewhere. The testimonials below give proof that none is MORE SUCCESSFUL AT THE PATENT OFFICE than the subscriber; and a SUCCESS IS THE BEST PROOF OF ADVANTAGES AND ABILITY. He would add that he has abundant reason to believe, and can prove that at no other office of the kind, are the charges for professional services so moderate.

The business practice of the subscriber during twenty years past has enabled him to accumulate a vast collection of specifications and official decisions relative to patents. These besides his extensive library on legal and mechanical works, and full accounts of patents granted in the United States and Europe, render him able, beyond question, to give superior facilities for obtaining patents.

All necessary of a patent in Washington, to procure a patent, and the usual great delay there are now saved inventors.

TESTIMONIALS.
"I regard Mr. Eddy as one of the most capable and successful practitioners with whom I have had official intercourse."
CHAS. MASON, "Chairman of Patents."

"I have no hesitation in assuring inventors that they cannot employ a person more competent and understanding, and more capable of putting their applications in a form to secure for them an early and successful consideration at the Patent Office."
EDMUND BURKE, "Late Attorney of Patents."

"Mr. R. L. Eddy is a man for me. THIRTEEN applications on and out of which patents have been granted, and that one is now pending. Such unimpeachable proof of great talent and ability on his part leads me to recommend all inventors to apply to him to procure their patents, as they may be sure of having the most faithful attention bestowed on their cases, and at very reasonable charges."
JOHN TAGGART.

From Sept. 17th, 1857, to June 17th, 1858, the subscriber, in course of his large practice, made on Patent registered at Washington, SIXTEEN APPEALS, EVERY ONE of which was decided in his favor, by the Commissioner of Patents.
j1-1y

DR. SWEET'S
INFALLIBLE LINIMENT, for the speedy cure of Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Neuralgia, Stitches, and all the pains and humors of the joints, and humors of the system. Prepared from the recipe of Dr. Stephen Sweet, of Connecticut, the great natural bone setter, whose name and fame have been as familiar as household words throughout the United States for nearly forty years. For sale by R. J. TAYLOR, j13-6m

SHOE business and Factories can be carried on profitably at Hammon ton. See advertisement of Hammon ton Lands.
jy13-6m

Hotels.

STONE BRIDGE HOUSE,
TIVERTON, R. I.
THIS House, which has for a long time been known as a summer resort, is now open for summer and transient Boarders; also tea parties can be accommodated at short notice. Parties from Newport and vicinity will find it a very healthy and pleasant location.
E. S. KENYON, Proprietor.

PARK HOUSE.
LUKE B. NOYES, PROPRIETOR.
THIS House (so long and favorably known when kept by Nichols Hazzard) is easy of access, being situated near the Mill, just south of the State House, and almost in sight of the Long Wharf, where the steamers receive and land passengers to and from New York and Boston. Carriages will always be in readiness to take people to and from the hotel.

The short distance from the State House makes this house a desirable residence for Members of the Legislature and all who have business at our Courts.

Stages for Fall River and New Bedford call daily.

The Proprietor intends that the treatment of his guests be in all that pertains to comfort, shall be equal to that of any hotel in the city. m5-14m

AMERICAN HOUSE,
BOSTON.
IS THE largest and best arranged Hotel in New England. It is centrally located, and easy of access from all the routes of travel. It contains all the modern improvements, and every convenience for the comfort and accommodation of the travelling public. The sleeping rooms are large and well ventilated; the suites of rooms are well arranged, and completely furnished for families, and large traveling parties, and the house will continue to be kept as a first class Hotel in every respect.

LEWIS RICE, Proprietor.
Boston, Jan. 7th, 1859.

AQUINOCK HOUSE.
This popular House will remain open during the winter for permanent and transient Boarders.
Terms to suit the times.
j13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120

The Daily News.

NEWPORT:
Published every morning (Sundays excepted)
BY GEORGE T. HAMMON.
At 123 Thames Street.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1859.

THE RE-UNION.—In order to make room for the report which we give to-day of the Re-union proceedings, we have been obliged to crowd out all other news matter, together with a great number of advertisements. We hope our advertising friends will pardon this usurpation of their room, and that the report will prove of more interest to our readers than any other matter. From the materials in our possession, we could have filled the paper twice with these proceedings and their been in want of room; but as it is, we have given up the entire inside, which is about as much as we could well do, although it does not give us room to do justice to so important an occasion. We shall be pleased to receive any particulars of the Re-union which have escaped us, and propose to devote a certain portion of our paper for the next few days to any such information, and also to the balance of the matters which we have on hand referring to this interesting subject.

The hurry required in preparing matters for a Daily paper, almost precludes the possibility of correctness in every particular; but we have striven to make as reliable and full a report as circumstances would admit. We hope the Committee, or some other suitable persons, will think it advisable to publish a full report of the whole proceedings, while it can be done (which is as soon as possible) in pamphlet form. Will not some one act upon this suggestion?

THE RE-UNION!!

AUGUST 23, 1859.

Proceedings and Ceremonies.

20,000 Visitors

IN THE CITY.

Greatest Gathering ever in Newport.

THE CITY INUNDATED!

GRAND MILITARY, FIREMEN'S AND CIVIC DISPLAY.

Immense Procession!

PARADE OF OVER

2,000 RETURNED SONS!

Of the Island of Rhode-Island.

DECORATIONS, ILLUMINATIONS, FIREWORKS, SALUTES, &c., &c., &c.

Festivities in the Tent!

SPEECHES, TOASTS, SENTIMENTS, &c.

GRAND RE-UNION

OF 5000 Persons in the evening!

THE EXODUS.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

Tuesday was the culminating day for the one great event in the history of Newport, to which heretofore have been looking forward, and for which they have been making preparations for weeks and months past—the re-union of the Sons and Daughters of Newport, those abroad with those remaining at home. This is not the place in which to write the origin and history of this movement—though it should, and doubtless will be, written with all its interesting incidents, and preserved in the families represented in the gathering of Tuesday, as one of the most interesting events of their lives. Our province, therefore, is not to sketch this history, but to catch up the incidents connected with the celebration of that day and give them to our readers.

All through last week the absent Sons and Daughters came scattering in from remote parts of the country, some who have been absent for years, unable to restrain their impatience to re-visit the scenes of their youthful experience. But with the commencement of the present week, what had before been a small rivulet became a mighty stream. All day Monday the boats came in loaded from every quarter. Monday night witnessed a scene of rare interest, on the arrival of the boats from Providence and Fall River. On Sayer's Wharf, the berth of the Perry, the people had assembled and formed in lines on each side of the passage way, extending into and up Thames Street a long distance. Long Wharf was also crowded in a similar manner, awaiting the delegation from New Bedford, by the Metropolis. About nine o'clock, as the two boats came in nearly together, the thunder of cannon was heard from the causeway north of Long Wharf, where the Newport Artillery had been placed to salute the returning Sons and Daughters. The Perry, as she came through the harbor, displayed the device

in letters of fire, "We are Coming Home," and also set off rockets, Roman candles, &c., making all together, the best display of fireworks of any that graced the occasion, creditable alike to the boat and the occasion calling it forth. The Bands, of which there were two on board, sent forth the enlivening strains of their music over the water.

Thames Street at this time presented a scene of life and activity seldom, if ever, before witnessed. From Green Street to Marlborough the passage way was alive with bunting and people, while lights glittered in the windows and smiling faces were seen on every side.

The Concert by the two Bands, the American Brass, and Shepard's Cornet, in Touro Park, was continued till near midnight. The Park was covered with people, as was also every available foot of ground in the vicinity. The Old Mill was also splendidly illuminated, and Touro Park was the grand centre of attraction till the approximation of midnight warned people to seek their beds for the repose necessary to invigorate them for the festivities of "the great day of the feast."

The illuminations were not numerous, but well got up where they did occur. Our enterprising friend and neighbor B. J. Tilley, presented a beautiful front to his establishment, every window of which was a blaze of light. Decidedly the most extensive and brilliant illumination of the evening was that of Aquidneck Engine Company No. Three, consisting of an illuminated arch over the street, and a string of one hundred Chinese lanterns suspended in a triangle from the flag staff. Farther up the street, the residence of Hon. W. C. Cozzens, ex-Mayor of this city, was beautifully decorated with Chinese lanterns the area of his premises resembling some fairy grotto. On Washington Square, the furniture store of Mr. Ernest Goffe, and the residence of his brother, Augustus Goffe, Esq., above, were brilliantly illuminated. There were also other illuminations in town, the locality of which we do not remember.

As the midnight hour approached, the still night air wafted over the city the sweet strains of music from the various Bands, who were treating several of our prominent citizens with a serenade. Gilmore's and Shepard's Bands were engaged in that portion of the city north and in the vicinity of the Parade. Among those thus honored by Gilmore's Band, was Hon. W. C. Cozzens. Shepard's Band serenaded consecutively, at their residences, His Honor the Mayor, Augustus Goffe, Solomon T. Hubbard, (at his store,) R. W. Pearce, Capt. William Newton, Philip Rider, and James Phillips, Esqs. It was in "the small hours of the night" before the music of these Bands ceased to beguile sleep from the eyes of our citizens and the indefatigable members sought their beds.

By one o'clock, A. M., everything was quiet; the thousands who had thronged the streets three hours before had all found quarters for the night, (though it puzzled the wisest among us to conjecture where) and Newport had resumed its wonted midnight aspect.

The Twenty-Third.

The first sight that greeted the optics of the returned Sons and Daughters in looking abroad on the morning of Tuesday, was a Newport fog, which we presume was improvised in honor of their visit. By nine o'clock, however, the fog lifted, and a bright sun smiled forth upon the scene.

If Newport was full on Monday night, it was "running over" Tuesday morning, or rather at noon, The Perry, the Governor, the Canonics, the Golden Gate, the Island Home, the Eagle's Wing, the Jenny Lind, steamers, all came in literally covered with human freight, which, with two hundred brought down by the Empire State, and those brought in by sail vessels and by land, must have made up an aggregate of ten thousand persons arriving in the morning; and as at least ten thousand had arrived previously, it is safe to estimate that the number in town on Tuesday to attend the Re-union was rising twenty thousand persons.

The Decorations extended through the entire length of Thames Street from Pelham to Marlborough Street; many of the side streets were also decorated. The State House, Post Office, engine houses, Narragansett Hall, and dwellings and stores, were joyfully decorated. Among the latter, none made a better display than S. T. Hubbard, corner Washington Square and Thames Street, which consisted of a profuse display of bunting, with evergreen stars in which were interwoven the expressive figures "76." The evergreen arch in Washington Square, surmounted with American colors, and bearing the words "Welcome to our Island Home," was very beautiful and attracted much attention. A somewhat similar arch over Thames Street, in front of Aquidneck Engine House, bearing in its centre the word "Welcome," also attracted much attention, as in fact did all the decorations of the Aquidnecks, especially the pyramid of flags extending from the top of the flag staff to the roofs of the adjoining buildings. The Ocean House was extensively ornamented with flags, streamers and a variety of emblems. It is to the taste of Col. Wm. Beak of Boston, that

our city is indebted principally for the taste attaching to these decorations.

At 9 1-2 o'clock the different associations which were to compose the procession commenced taking their positions, and owing to the tardiness of the boats, it was near 12 o'clock before the line was complete and in readiness to move. It is impossible for us, in the crowded state of our columns, to go into detail in relation to the procession, otherwise than that it presented a very imposing appearance, all the associations having turned out remarkably well. It reached the ground and entered the tent about 1 o'clock, and was fifteen minutes in passing a given point, being about half a mile in length. The following was its order and route:

AMERICAN BRASS BAND,
Artillery Company, Col. Turner,
Pawtucket Light Guard, Col. Bucklin,
His Excellency Gov. Turner and Staff,
Maj. General Gould and Staff,
Gen. Plimken and Staff,
Col. Magruder and Staff, U. S. A.

CHIEF MARSHAL.
Survivors of the Battle of Lake Erie,
Officers of the Army and Navy,
Chief and Assistant Fire Wards,
Torment Engine Co. No. 1,

GILMORE'S CORNET BAND.
Aquidneck Engine Co. No. 3.

BAND,
Columbian Engine Co. No. 5, of New Bedford,
Detage Engine Co. No. 6, of Newport,
Hercules Engine Co. No. 7, of Newport,
Hydraulic Engine Co. No. 1, of Newport.

MARSHAL.
St. John's Lodge, No. 1,
Grand Lodge of the State of R. Island,
Newport Marine Society,
Redwood Library Association,
Newport Historical Society,
Rhode Island Lodge No. 12, I. O. of O. F.,
Grand Lodge I. O. of O. F.,
Atlantic Division, S. of T.,
Newport Musical Institute,
Philharmonic Society.

MARSHAL.
SHEPARD'S CORNET BAND.
City Marshal,
His Honor the Mayor,
Ex Mayors of the City of Newport,
Members of the Board of Aldermen.

City Sergeant,
Members of the City Council,
Overseer of the Poor,
Judge of Probate,
City Clerk and Deputy City Clerk,
City Treasurer and Collector of Taxes,
Public School Committee,

Sheriff of Newport Co.,
His Honor Lieut. Governor and Secretary of State,
Attorney General and General Treasurer,
Court of Magistrates,
Members of the Bar,
Resident Physicians,

MARSHAL.
INVITED GUESTS,
Returned Sons of the Island of Rhode Island—six abreast,
Returned sons from Massachusetts,
Returned sons from Rhode Island,
Returned sons from New York.

All other States.
MARSHAL.
Plates were laid in the tent for about 2500 persons, under the direction of the wellknown caterer, Downing. The tables were richly set and ornamented with flowers. The names of the several Presidents of the United States were ranged on one side of the tent. As the procession entered the grand pavilion, the Band discoursed "Home Again." Mayor Cranston presided at the tables, surrounded by several gentlemen of distinction. The work of seating so vast an assemblage accomplished, and by the way it was most beautifully and expeditiously done, the Mayor rose, and with a voice distinct enough to reach every portion of the tent, delivered the following address:

Mayor Cranston's Address of Welcome.
Returned Sons and Daughters of the Island of Rhode Island:
In behalf of the authorities and people of Newport, I warmly and cordially welcome you home from your various wanderings and temporary abidings in different parts of the land. I welcome you to the beloved and hallowed soil which gave you birth. It is hallowed soil, indeed, and we Rhode Islanders are always, and justly proud of our noble heritage; for it was on this, our native soil, that the great and glorious principle of religious liberty, which had fearfully agitated the old world, and contending for which thousands of human beings suffered a martyr's death. It was here in Rhode Island, where we were born, that this sacred and eternal principle of religious liberty—freedom to worship God in an unmolested manner, according to the dictates of each one's conscience—and absolute separation between church and state, was first thoroughly, practically and successfully demonstrated by Roger Williams, John Clarke, and their associates. From the first settlement of the State to the present time, the authorities have ever scrupulously guarded, and the people have ever constantly and sacredly cherished, this hallowed and immortal right of man.

In the dark and stormy days of the American Revolution, no Colony was more firm, devoted and enthusiastic, in its opposition to the oppression of the mother country, and the sons of none were more valiant and self-sacrificing in their defense of the rights of freedom, than our ancestors, the blessed fruits of whose religious and patriotic efforts we this day enjoy. It was in Rhode Island that the first deter-

mined resistance to British tyranny was heroically manifested by the burning of the British schooner "Gaspee" in tender bay. Rhode Island gave her noble Greene, (who was second only to George Washington,) and a host of others, to the cause of freedom; and she suffered as much, as if not more than, any other Colony, by the invasions of the enemy. In the last war with Great Britain she was equally valiant and patriotic, and furnished her heroic Perry, (who was born seventy-four years ago this day,) and many other brave sons of her soil, who accomplished prodigies of valor, nobly defended our proud and unconquerable stripes and stars, and protected our national honor from all tarnish and insult. This is, indeed, an interesting occasion. Some of you have returned to your native homes after an absence of more than half a century; many of you have wandered from home for a quarter of a century—while hundreds of others have been missing from us for many years. To-day you have all come home. Oh! what holy memories and sacred associations are clustered around and centered in the word—home!

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere."

An exile from home, splend'rous in vain—
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
The birds sing gaily that come at my call—
Give me these, and the peace of mind,
Dearest of all,
Home! home! sweet home!
There's no place like home!

Among you, I beheld some whose hairs are whitened by the frosts of more than three score years and ten; many beyond the meridian of life, and a large number in the prime and vigor of intellectual and physical strength. It is impossible to imagine the varied emotions of joy and sadness which throb in our bosoms. Our seagirt island is as beautiful now as it was in the days of your childhood; our climate is as delicious and healthy as it was then, and many old landmarks in various parts of the city still remain to remind you that you are at home once more. Many of you will observe that the old churches, where you ones worshipped, have all disappeared, with a single exception, or have been so remodeled that you will scarcely recognize them as the shrines where you received your early religious instructions; the school houses where you were educated have mostly if not entirely been demolished; and on the green fields where you rambled and played in childhood's happy days, costly and elegant mansions have been erected. The Newport of to-day is not the Newport which many of you left in your boyhood and girlhood years. Still there are cherished and enduring landmarks remaining, which you cannot fail to recognize. The noble beaches where the sublime and eternal anthems of Jehovah are ever heard; the spacious and beautiful harbor inviting an extensive commerce to its bosom; the rock-bound shore which has repelled the dashing and maddened waves of the ocean since the morning of creation; the old Stone Mill, with its alternate elastic and matter-of-fact traditional history; the Redwood Library where Dr. Channing "studied Theology without an instructor;" the Hanging Rocks where Bishop Berkeley wrote his "Minute Philosopher;" "Paradise" and "Purgatory," the old Synagogue, the first erected in the United States, where the Jews ever worshipped in an unmolested manner, the Cemetery, where repose the remains of the Jews who nearly a century ago "were among the prominent merchants of Newport, at the time the principal importations from Europe were made to this port and when it was thought by a few progressive people that at some distant day New York might possibly rival Newport as a commercial and mercantile city; with other monuments of the past, nearly all remain unchanged, to remind you that you are once more at home on your green native isle of the sea. But the companions of your childhood! where they? Here and there and yonder are a few whose warm hands will give you the token of early friendship, and your conversations of early days will be pleasant indeed. Alas! as you walk through the cemeteries you will find that a large number of the comrades of your youth are there calmly reposing in death's long repose.

But their spirits are with you to-day as you roam,
O'er the land of your birth place, your ocean-girt home.

Above all and more sacred than all is the reflection that you have returned once more to stand by the graves of the loved and the lost—those who were near and dear to your hearts, and with whom you have passed so many happy days in this island home, the fond recollection of which will linger secretly in your minds forever. I sincerely hope that the time is not very far distant when all of you will return home, and permanently locate on your native soil. If circumstances would permit, I am confident that all of you would be most happy to do so; for whatever may be our fancies for roaming or our inducements for excitement, and the prospects of pecuniary gain abroad in early life, as we advance in years there is an instinct within us which causes us to yearn for the home of our childhood, our dear native land.

"Breathe there the men with soul so dead,
Who never to himself bath said,
This is my own, my native land!"

We, who have remained at home, rejoice that our townsmen abroad have succeeded so well in their various avocations, and we are proud that so many of you occupy eminent positions in your several localities. Although you have been so richly favored, I am confident that you all hope to return before the evening of life, so that your closing years may be quietly passed in the cherished home, and amid the beautiful scenes where you first beheld the wonderful works of Him who creates, who rules, and who will finally judge the world in righteousness by the unerring standard of infallible Justice.

The remarks of the Mayor were frequently greeted with applause.

Mayor Cranston then gave the following sentiment—the first regular toast:

Our Invited Guests—The Sons and Daughters of the Island of Rhode Island;
They are welcome, welcome to the end of earth and spot of their nativity.

This was responded to by Dr. Walter Channing, a returned Son, now of Baltimore, who said—

Response by Dr. Dr. Walter H. Channing.

Dr. Walter H. Channing of Boston, who was introduced to respond, complained that the Mayor had given his speech, but it was the pleasure of the assembly he would give it over again. There being loud calls for him to proceed, he went on. In behalf of the returned sons and daughters of Newport, he would say that they rejoiced again to see and wander again among the places of once solitary beauty in old Newport; to get within sight and sound of the grand old ocean which holds their beloved island in its embrace.

Dr. Channing passed in review the educational, religious and political institutions of Rhode Island as they existed in early times. Every house had its garden, and the finest vegetables in the country were raised by all. Fish were as plenty as blackberries. Then the cow and the pig formed a part of the family circle. Luxuries were within the reach of all. Newport people were capital farmers.

Relative to education, our old schools were the simplest in the world, and the cheapest. Few things were taught and those perfectly. There was no finching, no getting along without work.

Our churches then were numerous. There was the Synagogue, a Moravian, a Saturday and Sunday Baptist, a Methodist, Sandemanian, Newlight, Calvinist, Hopkinson, Quaker, Episcopalian, and others which I do not remember. In connection with this subject, Dr. C. related several anecdotes from his great fund of historical knowledge, amusing, interesting and instructive. Politics were spoken of as an institution of the town, as was religion and the school. But the politics of that day were but of two parties to the great issue which then divided men here, and in the nation. Nothing could be more insulting than to insinuate that a "split" could happen. No man could find rest on the fence. It was picketed all over. The ground was the only safe place to stand on.

The boys took sides in the universal conflict of political opinion. Jay's treaty was a subject of terrible dispute, and the exultation was intense.

General Washington died at this time, and for a moment there was peace. Yet he even did not escape the evil power of party. Well do I remember the day we heard of his death. It was a Sunday morning in church. The minister having announced it, read the psalm in which is this line—

"Prince must die and turn to dust."

The leader in singing came to this line. He began to sing it—his voice faltered—it stopped—he buried his face in his hands and sat down, weeping like a child.

The speaker then spoke of the many great and distinguished men which Newport claims as her children. Gilbert Stewart was an artist of the highest standing, in both Europe and America, and his works are with us for memory and admiration. Washington Allston came here a boy, and received the most important part of every man's education. Distinguished counselors and statesmen are remembered among the natives of Newport—William Hunter and James Hamilton. I sat in the same seat at school with one whom Newport will always hold in cherished memory and honor—Oliver Hazard Perry.

I began with referring to the love of our native place—and the desire we have of returning to it—and the pleasure which coming home always brings with it. He who leaves his birthplace never acquires or can acquire for his new accidental residence, the feeling he has for his native home. It is to this he clings while life lasts. And how deep is this sentiment! It is abundantly declared by this vast meeting of Newport's sons and daughters. We have left our adopted homes, our occupations and our bought pleasures, to come together to the old family hearthstone and altar, and to see and to think of and to talk about scenes and events which make up the earliest and most important periods of our lives.

Long years have passed since I was there, The willing slave of duty here,
Yes here to live and die;
But still the thought will often come,
And won't me to my native home—
To beach, to sea, and sky.

In the course of his remarks, Dr. Channing read the following autograph letter from Washington, which has never before been published:

NEWBURY, 7th June, '83.
Sir—My nephew, who will have the honor of presenting this letter to you, has been in bad health more than eleven months, and is advised to try the climate and sea air of Rhode Island, by his physicians.

Any civilities which you may be kind enough to shew him will be thankfully acknowledged by Sir, your most obt. svt.
GEO. WASHINGTON.

Wm. Channing, Esqr., Attorney General.
Dr. Channing then read the following letter:

Lancaster, N. H., Aug. 22d, 1859.
My Dear Sir:
Your very kind note, of the 17th inst., did not reach me until yesterday. I had been hoping for a long time to enjoy the pleasure of meeting many old friends, at your re-union to-morrow. I understood from Rev. Mr. Brooks, whom I met with in Boston, in May last, that the festival would not take place before the very last of this month; and that I should probably have notice in time to make arrangements for a visit to the land of my fathers—to the town, now a city, where the first twenty-one years of my life were passed. The delay has been occasioned by your supposing my residence was in Boston, instead of this far-off region, among the mountains of New Hampshire, and upwards of three hundred miles from Newport. My professional duties yesterday, of course prevented all thoughts of a journey to-day. Indeed, it would have been impossible for me to have got ready in so limited a time. I desire to express my sincere regrets that the only opportunity of meeting old friends in this world, is denied me.

It would have pleased me much, to have memorized the virtues of the excellent man whose lives were spent in educating souls for heaven.

I could have given many interesting reminiscences of good Parson Thurston, of the Baptist church, Parson Eddy, Theodore Dehon, Dr. Hopkins, John Bradley, Mr. Tenny, Mr. Smith, of the Moravian Society. My own minister, Dr. Patten (I recollect every family who sat under his preaching; and could designate each pew they occupied in Clarke Street Church.)

There was also a Methodist minister, Mr. Mervin, and a venerable Parson Bliss, who lived in "Green Bay," and who once, on a Saturday, whilst performing the rite of baptism at Gravelly Point, on Long Wharf, fell into the water and nearly lost his life.

You must take the will for the deed. It may not be wholly uninteresting to you to know that I am preparing a small volume of recollections of my native place.

Your name is familiar to me, I knew the "old folks" and frequently visited them. Please send me a newspaper containing the best account of the celebration, and oblige
Your Friend,
GEO. G. CHANNING.

WM. C. COZZENS, Esq.:
The above signature I commenced subscribing in 1803. The initial stands for Gibbs, my most excellent uncle.

At the conclusion of the remarks of Dr. Channing, grace was asked by Rev. Mr. McKenzie, of Newport, and the impatient assembly immediately began to "clatter their knives and forks."

The large assembly then united in singing "Auld Lang Syne."

"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOTTEN?"
AS SUNG AT THE

REUNION OF THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF NEWPORT, R. I.
AUGUST 23, 1859.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind;
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And songs of auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne we meet to-day,
For auld lang syne we meet to-day,
To sing the songs our fathers sang
In days of auld lang syne.

We've passed thro' many varied scenes,
Since youth's unclouded day;
And friends, and hopes, and happy dreams,
Time's hand hath swept away;
And voices that once joined with ours,
In days of auld lang syne,
Are silent now, and blend no more
In songs of auld lang syne.

Here we have met, here we may part
To meet on earth no more;
And we may never sing again
The cherished songs of yore:
The sacred songs of fathers sang
In days of auld lang syne.
We may not meet to sing again
The songs of auld lang syne.

But when we've crossed the sea of life,
And reached the heavenly shore,
We'll sing the song our fathers sang,
Transcending those of yore;
We'll meet to sing divine strains
Than those of auld lang syne;
In moral songs of praise, unknown
In days of auld lang syne.

The toast-master, Mr. James Atkinson, of Newport, "being introduced, gave the first regular toast, as follows:
Our Island Home—"The purest gem on the bosom of the ocean."

Mayor Rodman of Providence being introduced to respond, asked leave to give a brief fraternal effusion appropriate to the occasion, which was read with excellent taste, and received with great favor.

Three cheers were then given for "Our Island Home," and, at the suggestion of Mayor Rodman of Providence, the tremulous war-cries of the Narragansetts were given, much to the amusement of the assembly.

The next regular sentiment was—
The Early Governors of Rhode Island
—The influence of their salutary example as men and legislators has not been lost upon their worthy successors.

Governor Turner was introduced and spoke as follows:

Speech of Gov. Turner.
Mr. Mayor and Fellow Citizens: As I look around upon this beautiful scene, this gathering of sons and daughters of Rhode Island, I can but congratulate myself that I have the privilege of being present as one of your guests.

Although not one of the sons, my recollection of the years spent in this beautiful city during my boyhood, are of so pleasant a nature that I am especially gratified to meet on this occasion my early associates and friends, many of whom now revisit the home of their youth after many long years of absence.

But, sir, intermingled with this pleasurable feeling is one of regret that it has not been the privilege of some able son of Rhode Island to respond to the sentiment which you have proposed, one who could do justice to the virtues, the patriotism, and the self-devotion of my early predecessors in office. Rhode Island, sir, is justly proud of her early Governors and Legislators, and she has cause to be proud of the men who so nobly and successfully gave their time, their talents, and their best energies, to establish and perpetuate a government that should promote peace, virtue, godliness and charity. Under that government we, their descendants, now enjoy all that a free and enlightened people can desire.

Let us hope, sir, that "the influence of their salutary example as men and legislators" may never be lost upon the people of this State, whose privilege and whose duty it is to select their rulers, as under our system of government we must always have good governors, good legislators, and faithful exponents of the laws, while the people remain true to themselves.

The next sentiment was—
The History of Rhode Island—It has been accurately and faithfully written by one of her honored sons—and will ever be prized as a valuable accession to Historical Literature.

REMARKS OF HON. S. G. ARNOLD.
He said that Rhode Island was the first to propose an American Union, and the first blood shed in the Revolution crimsoned the Narragansett Bay. In Newport were elected the first delegates to the Fourth of July Convention at Philadelphia. By two months she was the oldest independent State in America. In concluding he gave—

The Memory of one of the Fathers of Aquidneck and of Rhode Island—The learned physician, the devoted pastor, the accomplished scholar, the christian statesman—John Clarke.

The next sentiment was—
The Historical Society, and the Memory of Abraham Redwood—May it protect the fair fame of the founders of our political and literary institutions. The beneficent founder of that venerable institution, within whose walls Channing studied theology without an instructor.

REMARKS OF DR. DAVID KING.

Dr. David King of Newport responded, and gave interesting historical reminiscences. He believed that justice had not been done to Gov. Coddington. In 1641 Coddington and his associates, upon this spot enacted the first laws for religious freedom ever enacted by a civilized people. The spirit of liberty in Rhode Island was in constant opposition to the course of the mother country; and the Press of Newport was always emphatic against English oppression. The colony excited the particular anger of Lord Sandwich, who vowed that he would pursue it with his displeasure. The entrenchments upon the hill around Newport were forcible reminders of the patriotic struggles of the past. To William Ellery and his compatriots a grateful eulogy was paid by the speaker. Berkeley, Redwood, Collins and Channing, in their services to learning, were appropriately remembered.

The next sentiment was—
Our Distinguished Sons of the Army and Navy.—The record of their valor adds imperishable lustre to our history. Col. Magruder, of the Army, responded in a speech of much eloquence and pertinency. He drew a comparison between the armies of a republic and a monarchy, and said that the army of America was but the picket guard upon the western frontier, ready to give the alarm to the great army of the people, which was always ready for service in the hour of danger.

The remarks of the Colonel were received with much applause.
The next sentiment was—
The Former Schoolmasters of Newport.—Men eminently qualified for, and devoted to, the duties of their profession; we, their pupils, are largely indebted to their labors, for any success that has attended our own. Mr. Wm. L. Denny of Philadelphia, responded in a humorous and acceptable view. He concluded with the following:
Our Former School Teachers.—Levi, Eleazer, Daniel and John—Men of Scriptural merits—for they did not spare the rod and spoil the child. (Laughter.)

The next sentiment was—
The Old Pastors.—Men of sincere and unobtrusive piety—who devoted their lives to the best interest of their fellow-men, and went to their graves like "sheaves of corn ready to be gathered."

Rev. James N. McKenzie of Newport responded, and related some interesting reminiscences of some of the old pastors. The next was—
The Ladies.—Newport, in days long since celebrated for the beauty and accomplishments of her daughters, well sustains, at the present day, her ancient reputation.

Mayor Cranston said: "The Ladies—They always speak for themselves. God bless them." (Applause.)
Ex-Mayor Cozzens of Newport here assumed the chair, and briefly addressed the assembly.

The meeting was then addressed by Mr. Benj. C. Card of Kansas, an Hon. Wm. Patten of Providence.

The next was—
Our Old Doctors.—We are living monuments of their Esculapian skill—and while we gratefully cherish the memory of a Center, a Turner, and a Waring, we hazard nothing in saying that their Kingly treatment was sufficient for every case.

Response of Dr. Usher Parsons.

Sons and Daughters of Rhode Island.

We have listened with admiration to the eloquent remarks that have fallen from the gentlemen who have spoken, and I am highly gratified by your friendly allusion to the medical profession of Rhode Island. I wish that a more competent speaker had been called upon to respond to the sentiment, because I am sure that if properly treated, the medical profession of R. Island of early times would make a brilliant page in its history.

Who was the pioneer and founder of Newport? It was John Clarke, a physician—and it was the same Dr. Clarke who united with Roger Williams in obtaining from Charles II. a Charter that conferred greater civil and religious privileges than had been granted to any other province, and which continued in force until the adoption of the present Constitution in 1842. It was he, too, who gathered the First Baptist Church, and served as a religious teacher until his death, meanwhile practicing medicine, and thus ministering to the wants of both soul and body. He died in 1676 at the age of 68.

In 1641 a Dr. Jeffries commenced practice, and was followed by Doctors Cranston, the three Rodmans, Ayrault, Vigneron and Robinson. Dr. Vigneron came from France about 1690, and died 1764, at the age of 95 years. He was highly educated and a popular practitioner. It gives me pleasure to pay this tribute of respect to his memory in the presence of many of his descendants now present. The name is believed to be extinct. Very recently, however, a gallant naval officer of this city, who fought by the side of Perry in the Lawrence on Lake Erie, named William Vigneron Taylor, was a lineal descendant of the doctor. His son succeeded to his practice, and the two together extended their professional career to nearly a century.

There was a cotemporary of Vigneron, a Dr. John Brett from Germany, a man of good learning and a particular friend and associate of Redwood, and who assisted him in establishing the library which shed such lustre on the fame of its founders, and whose recent additions and decorations render it one of the most beautiful and attractive institutions of its kind in the whole country. All honor is due to the enlightened public spirit and refined taste of the present citizens of Newport, for the renovation of this beautiful institution.

About the year 1750 quite a number of very eminent physicians arrived at Newport, who with Brett and Vigneron made the medical talents of the Island equal if not superior to that of any place in America. There were

Doctors Wm. Hunter and Thomas Moffatt, from the famous University of Edinburgh, and soon after came Drs. Halliburton and Oliphant. Dr. Hunter gave the first course of medical lectures ever delivered in America.

Yes Rhode Islanders, to Newport is conceded the honor of inaugurating medical instruction by lectures. They were given by Wm. Hunter in 1754 and 5, and they drew many pupils from Massachusetts. Dr. Hunter marched to Canada with the provincial troops as Surgeon in the French war. He had the largest medical library in New England, a portion of which was given by his son, the late Hon. William Hunter to Brown University. Dr. Hunter died in 1777 aged 48 years.

Dr. Thomas Moffatt was best known by his Tory principles, and his endeavors to enforce the stamp act, which incensed the public mind to a degree that caused the sacking of his house and destruction of its contents. He erred in judgment, in siding with the crown, but his medical talent were of a very high order. He educated many pupils, among whom were Drs. Danforth and Dr. Waterhouse, the accomplished botanist, Professor, writer, and who introduced vaccination into America, performing the first operation on his own children. Drs. Danforth and Waterhouse attained to the age of more than 90 years. Dr. Halliburton was highly educated and a popular practitioner, but was strongly tainted with Toryism. Soon after the British fleet left Newport it was ascertained that he had held a secret correspondence with its officers, and this made it advisable to leave for Halifax, where his descendants were of the first respectability. Judge Halliburton, grandson of the doctor, is the author of Sam Slick and of other popular works. Dr. Oliphant was in extensive practice and much respected. His descendants maintain a high social position in New York.

Dr. Isaac Senter, a native of New Hampshire, was a pupil of Dr. Moffatt, diametrically opposed to him in politics. Fired with zeal in the cause of liberty, he after the battle of Bunker Hill marched to Boston as a volunteer, and was soon after appointed a surgeon in the army and marched with General Arnold to Quebec, enduring incredible hardships. After the war he settled in Newport, where, from the death of the distinguished worthies we have named, he took a very exalted position as physician and surgeon, and maintained it until his death, which occurred in 1799 at the age of 46, although wanting in the advantages of European instruction he made his name and fame known as a writer abroad, and he was elected as a fellow of several medical societies.

Cotemporary with Dr. Senter was Dr. Jonathan Easton, whose tall and dignified figure in a quaker garb, I remember to have seen nearly half a century ago in Newport.

Dr. Benjamin Muson, father of the late Mrs. Com. Perry, studied medicine in Europe and was highly respected in his profession.

At the beginning of the present century a new set of physicians mounted the stage of professional life and practiced many years.

Drs. William Turner, David King, Edmund T. Waring, Benj. Base and Ennoch Hazard, were well known to many who hear me, which renders it unnecessary to say more of them than that they were highly esteemed wherever known, and were active faithful intelligent and successful. These too have passed away and having served their day and generation faithfully, have gone to their reward. A new set of practitioners now fill their places. Far distant be the day when a future biographer shall be called upon to notice their obituaries and portray their merits.

You have every reason to be proud, sons and daughters of Rhode Island, of your medical ancestry. I give as a sentiment

The memory of distinguished physicians of Rhode Island, who have well played their part in the drama of professional life.

OUR HOME BY THE SEA.

BY A DAUGHTER OF NEWPORT.

We greet thee! we hail thee, our home by the sea!
Where the song of the waves swelleth sad on the shore;
Sweet scenes of our birth and our childhood, to thee,
Thy sons and thy daughters are gathered once more.

Long years have rolled by since we bade thee farewell
Our hearts beating high with the fervor of youth,
While Hope, with her voice like a silver bell,
Sang sweetly of beauty and virtue and truth,

Her siren-like music rang soft, like a spell,
As we bade the dear home of our childhood adieu;
But the wind on the waters rose high, like a knell,
As we left the kind hearts that had ever been true.

We have fought in the din and the battle of life,
Till our locks, that were brown, are bespangled with gray;
And oft we have paused in the wearisome strife,
To sigh for our home by the sea, far away.

Once more do we greet thee—but where are the loved
Who gladdened the hearth in the bright days of youth?
The mother, whose changeloss affection we prayed for—
The sweet little sister with tresses of gold?

Alas! in our beautiful home by the deep,
There lieth a garden all silent and low.

And over it, softly, the sad willows weep,
And over it, gently, the night-breezes blow.

And there, with her cold, snowy hands on her breast,
Never more to encircle her child as of old,
That mother lies sleeping, and by her, at rest,
That sweet little sister, with tresses of gold.

And thus, as we greet thee, our birth-place again,
We sigh for the shore where no grave-garden be—
But we joyfully welcome the friends who remain,
As proudly we hail thee, our home by the sea.

Rhode Island's Welcome to her Children.

BY REV. C. T. BROOKS.

A voice from old Newport, a welcoming call,
To her wide scattered children and grand-children all,
Come, wanderers, come home to your beautiful isle,
To the feet of your mother—the light of her smile.

In her mantle of green and her tier of blue,
She long has been sitting and waiting for you:
The arms of her bays, lo, she stretches out wide,
To wait you all in at the turn of the tide.

Her foam-whitened head-lands run out o'er the deep,
Like feelers the circling horizon to creep,
Thick-boshy and beetle-browed foreheads explore,
Expectant and peering blue ocean's wide floor.

She sends up her hill-tops, that they too may spy,
Where haply some band of her truants draws nigh;
Old Tannamony, Honeysuckle, Paradise, stand
Looking wistfully out o'er the sea and the land.

In their dusky night-mantles they wait there to greet
The coming at dawn of the beautiful fleet,—
And a thrill of expectancy runs through the host
Of the night-waves that sleeplesly moan round the coast.

On the wings of the morning ye come as a cloud,
Like doves to the windows ye eagerly crowd:
McKinnis the old windmills, with clatter and clack,
Fling their white arms to welcome the wanderers back.

The tie of your home was elastic but strong,
Though wide were your wanderings—your absence though long,
Your old mother's apron strings still held you fast,
They stretched but they've shrunk—you are here now at last.

As the sea bird wheels home to her rock-bug girt nest,
Ye come by your old ocean cradle to rest:
To sit at the feet of your mother awhile,
And gladden your hearts with her song and her smile.

In the murmuring music that steals on your ear,
The strain, sweet and plaintive, of memory you hear—
Your mother's old lullaby swells from the deep,
With which, in your childhood, she sang you to sleep.

Say, home gathered whiles, and feel ye not now
That mother's mild breathing float over your face,
As it cheered you so often in morning-tide's flush,
As it soothed you so often at even-tide's hush?

Draw close to your mother, and look in her face,
No sign of estrangement or coldness you'll trace—
Come sit in her lap without scruple or shame,
Old or young, you are all boys and girls, just the same.

Some changes you'll note in the good lady's dress,
But she wears her old countenance nevertheless—
On her youthful old brow not a wrinkle is seen,
Unfaded her apron of emerald green.

Some modern adornment you'll find here and there,
A sprig, or a gem, in the old lady's hair,
Some quaintly carved cameo, perchance on her breast,
Or stones of rare costliness dotting her vest.

Look out on the Neck, once an bare and so free,
The neck of your mother, fair bride of the sea,
Where erst (her sole scarf) his white spray-cloud he hung,
And the olive-brown beads of his ribbon weed hung.

The stranger has lavished his wealth and his wit,
To the nation's plain beauty new charms to impart,
With poises and pearls so bedizened and gay,
You well might scarce know your old parent to-day.

Yet what are all these to the noble old dame?
Despite all these changes her heart is the same—
Her heart is the same, and the same it will be
Like the air, and the sky, and the rock, and the sea.

Let them deck and improve her as much as they will,
Her look wears its true old serenity still:
Her blue eyebeams never more brightly than now,
The radiance of heaven is undimmed on her brow.

She looks on her skies, and she looks on her sea,
And she says to proud worldlings: My glories are these;
She points to the children her fond arms enfold,
And she says (the true mother) My jewels be hold!

Then cling round your mother—drink in the loved tones,
Not one of you all she forgets or disowns—
Not you, ye old men, who could scarcely retrace
Through the dim glass of memory, a line of her face.

Ye left her in childhood—ye see her again
Through the mist-obscured vista of three-score and ten,
Yet she had not ceased to remember, if you
Had forgotten the mother whose look ye scarce knew.

To all of her children—to old and to young—
If greeting is spoken—her welcome is sung.
This sea, as it murmurs, and kisses your feet,
The sky, as it sparkles, her welcome repeat.

From Coddington's Cove, far across and around
To the Flints of old Sacoast echoes the sound
It ripples and gurgles and swells in the waves,
On sandy-flowered beaches, in pebbly-floored coves.

Old Spouting Rock, eager the gladness to share,
A festive white spray-vestal flings high in the air—
And the spirit's 'imprison'd below' in his den,
Growl back a gruff greeting in thunder again.

And a genuine old fog, (one of Newport's true sons),
Roused up by the noise of the bells and the guns,
At day-break comes out, a spectator to be,
Though where he is, none else can be seen or can see,

But not these wild children of Nature alone
Are glad and exult their old playmates to own;
In the heart of the town, in the square and the street,
Old houses are nodding old inmates to greet.

Dear old time-colored houses! they seem,
(and well may),
To hold their heads higher than ever, to-day—
For though they had towered three stories before,
To-day they have certainly one story more.

As ye saunter along by the shops of old Thames,
Some wearing new faces, yet keeping old names,
In letters time-darkened, or touched, with new gold,
Unmistakable signs of your welcome behold.

As ye piously turn toward the head of the town,
Curt chronicles still of her ancient renown,
Though shattered by Time, the old marks-man, you see,
Barr, blasted, yet upright, the Liberty Tree.

As the hero still stands to his post on the deck,
When the bells of the freedom have left him awake,
And the flag's tattered remnants are shot from the mast,
"Don't give up the ship," is his cry to the last.

Come up to the hill-top—there waiting for you,
With slightly changed costume, still modest and true,
Friend Redwood looks forth with the forehead more weary,
Calm, classic, majestic, and pensive, of yore.

But now, as you turn round the corner hard by
A rotunda, older by far, meets your eye,
Themut, but impressive and thought-stirring word,
Of the oldest inhabitant waits to be heard.

And see, too, where silent and storm-proof it stands,
And calmly looks down on the waters and lands,
The wonder and crown of the beautiful hill,
Mysteriously smiles the majestic Old Mill.

Strange relic of old immemorial time,
Whence windows float round thee in silence sublime,
Stone-chimney of old Newport, within whose charmed ground,
The ghosts of the past move mysteriously round!

Thou wondrous old land-mark—when centuries roll by,
And naught but the rocks, and the sea, and the sky,
Unchanged shall be left of thy darling old town,
When every old gable has long since come down,

To grand-children's grand-children still thou shalt hold,
High talk of the times and the people of old:
Shalt tell how their great great grandfathers, when they were children, came hither to wander and play.

And when, in some moon-lighted midnight Of the gloom
Of them who once dwell here, revisit these coast,
And through the changed streets seek in vain up and down,
Some trace of their dear and familiar old town,

As at last, to the Mount of Remembrance they bend
Their steps, to the great upper world to ascend,
They'll never, as their eyes meet the reverend Old Mill,
Here, here is old Newport! it lingers here still.

But ye who return to your homes here to-day,
Thank Heaven your old haunts have not vanished for aye,
Some crooked old lanes tell of hide and seek yet,
Old gables tell tales that you cannot forget.

Yes, children, (still children—true hearts grow not old),
Ye breathe the same air, the same skies ye behold,
When with fingers enraptured, your kites, ye once flew,
And puffing and wondering your soap-bubbles blew.

Perchance the old homestead shall greet you no more,
Perchance the old meadow has long been built o'er—
But here is the climate, and the soil, and the place,
Where ye stooped to play marbles, the whip-top to chase.

And there, smooth and hard, lies the broad yellow sand,
Where ye once wrote your names with a light heart and hand—
Some of you have written your names since that day,
In letters that shall not so soon pass away.

For came not there then from the surf-drums' deep tone,
A voice that was heard by the spirit alone?
The voice ye still hear in the moan of the sea,
Told you ye be thoughtful, and reverent, and free.

My children, God's children, that voice seems to say,
Where are ye? whence come ye? give answer to-day!
Howe'er o'er the wide world your footsteps roam,
Say, where have your thoughts—have your souls—found their home.

As ye enter Farewell street, the musing heart burns,
To think of that bourne whence no traveler returns,
What forms of the glorified rise on the soul
Who tread these fair shores while they sought the high goal.

At beauty's, at learning's, at piety's shrine,
Fair liberty's priesthood, with unction divine,
The poet, the prophet, the martyr, they sought,
They sought for the ages, Faith's candle they sought.

And where are they now? are they gone?—they are here,
The spirit that quickens them still hovers near—
Their memories, their names, still make fragrant the air,
True hearts, ye this day, their companionship share.

As pensive that crowded old grave-yard ye tread,
A city, to you, of the living, (not dead),
Ye there had a greeting more holy and true,
Than our loudest welcomings offer to you.

There is old Newport, safe gathered at last,
Where partings are over and changes are past,
And a voice from that host of translated ones
Be thoughtful and thankful—be holy and true.

Aye, children of Freedom, who gather to day
For your great common mother your tribute to pay,
It is not a voice of a mother alone
That summons her sons their allegiance to own.

A mother's love whispers forth from the ground,
But hark! in the wide realm of Freedom around,
In the deep under tone the wrapt spirit can hear,
The Father of all, the Great Spirit is near.

O, then as ye breathe in this health-giving breeze,
The breath of the boundless, untamable seas
As ye tread, with free steps, the elastic green turf,
With spirits that dance to the song of the surf,

Drink in your souls, with a transport more rare,
Deep draughts of that higher, that heavenly air,
And nerve your frail faith in temptations' mad shock,
Unshaken to stand on Eternity's rock.

THE THRONE AND THE ALTAR.

From the vast realms of a vanquished world
The conqueror's throne around,
With eyes of anxious questioning full,
And lips that gave no sound,
Stood ministers of all the rites
That shadow forth the thought,
That bustles in every heart of him
Who leaves no soul untaught.

There were these in gorgeous fanes that bowed,
And at humble wayside shrines;
That silent prayed 'mid surging oaks
Or 'mid soft whispering pines;
That bowed beneath the dawning sky
The monarch of the day,
And watched him on his mountain march
Through all his glorious way.

That gazed upon the queenly moon
And her bright leader even,
That steadfast on the arctic height
Marked the host of heaven,
And in the silent voices
Of the day and of the night,
Felt their Maker's and their Father's love,
His wisdom and his might.

And all were wondering why the call
That gathered them that day,
Was uttered by the awful man
Who clear all lands claimed sway.
That wondering but not abject throng
The monarch proudly eyed,
And wakening all their ears at once
With startling voice he cried,—

The Living Source of Life in men
And all things, do ye own!
In reverent affirmation bowed
The numbers round the throne.
What is his name, demanded he,—
And one by one replied,
And he listened with a mocking tone,
As one who dared deride.

The tenderness of human faith
In fatherhood divine;
But still the man, o' humble heart
Answered with word and sign,
And one from India called him life,
And one from Persia light;
And one that from Judea came
With mitre flashing bright,
Inscribed with an unspoken name,
Said, from eternity
He is, and was, and is to come,
And overmost shall be.
And every one a reverend name
Breathed forth in fervent tones,
And calmly thankful, felt the strength
Of a power above earth's thrones.

When all had spoken, then again
The proud man's voice was heard,
And the hearts of all the worshippers
Were troubled at his word:
At the footstool of one monarch,
Ye behold above your heads
The sceptre of his earth-wide sway;
No king besides me, brands
On aught but tributary soil,
And my altar like my throne,
Shall stand without a rival;
My God ye all must own;
Zelus is his name in Macedon,
And Zeus shall be his name
In every region of the earth.
Where my sword has conquered fame.

Then silently the wise man thought
How this imperious change,
Would wonder-stricken the simple,
And all their life derange.

But the murmur of remonstrance
Had not yet gathered sound,
When a fearless man of many years
Spoke out these words profound:
Brothers, the ruler of the day,
To know him, and rejoice,
When his long life like the boundless sky,
Can you give him name a voice?

And many names were spoken,
And then the old man said,
And his eye fell on the monarch
Who gave the word to dread,
No call him Helios, by that name
Alexander calls the sun
And his name throughout the empire
Must henceforth be but one.

The monarch felt the wise rebuke
And shame his face suffused;
He felt one moment as a man,
And as a man he answered:
He saw, would that men always saw,
That the substance, not the show
Is what the wise hearer notices,
That while men dwell below
By names that partial knowledge writes,
Some must know the All in All—
That he only knows God's fatherhood
Who men can brotherhood call.

THE ANCIENT AND HORRIBLES.

The speeches in the tent were suddenly interrupted by the passage of a company of "Ancient and Horribles." In its peculiar line this was the crowning feature of the day, and for instances of grotesqueness and burlesque, extended all similar exhibitions within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." The vehicles were of the most ancient and entire description. The most entirely primitive of the several modes of conveyance illustrated in the procession, was that of a rail, upon which sat a well-dressed biped, with a coat of tar and feathers.

One vehicle contained a representative of the repertorial profession, the proportions of whose pencil obliged him to carry the upper end over his shoulders, while he moved the point over a note-book of corresponding proportions. A mask over his features represented a turned-up nose, and an incensing cast of countenance, incessantly turned towards the several points of the compass in quest of "particulars."

Colored females and hoops were extravagantly burlesqued; but not the least rich impersonation was that of Brother Jonathan, with his tall bell-crowned hat, long-tailed, variegated coat, and short trowsers, &c.

After the passage of the procession a band entering the pavilion, the thousands who had assembled in the streets and in vicinity of the tent, not being of "elect" dispersed themselves in various directions in search, some of food, and some of "ye elephant," so that the neighborhood of the Ocean House became for a short time a comparatively deserted institution.

There were "open houses" in town, where the hungry stranger could go in and take "a bite" at any time during the middle hours of the day. One of these was the Bugine House of William D. Cranston Co. No. 8, on Levis Street. This spirited Company decorated and illuminated their House, and on Tuesday served up, from 12 to 3 a most beautiful collation; free to all who might choose to partake thereof.

A table was also spread by Rhode Island Lodge No. 12, I. O. of O. F. during the whole of Tuesday, in Narragansett Hall, with a special reference to any hungry Odd Fellow who might chance to drop in upon them, that being understood to be the head quarters of "Friendship, Love and Truth" for the occasion, it having been rented by the Lodge and by them decorated in the most tasteful manner on its outer front.

Aquidneck Engine Company also prepared a most ample collation for their guests the Columbians; which was partaken off by both companies in the evening. This company have just cause for pride in the manner in which they fulfilled the part undertaken by them in the celebration. No company or association expended so much money, or made so good a display, as this.

One of the most remarkable features of the whole occasion, was the order, quiet and perfect good feeling, which pervaded all classes of the community throughout the entire day. Not a single case of drunkenness, fighting or even quarreling, came under the notice of the police, and no arrest were made, except of two professional pickpockets from New York, who were just beginning to drive their trade among the crowd on the steps of the Ocean House.

We cannot close our report of the day's proceedings without awarding a just tribute of praise to the Committee having charge of the arrangements for the celebration. They have done their duty well, doing everything at the right time, and in the right place.

With the coming of night most who came in the morning set their faces homeward, and the returning hosts took home full loads. Yet many remained to participate in the festivities of the evening, which were continued in the tent till midnight, being participated in by some six thousand persons.

The American Brass Band and Shepard's Comet Band, both of Providence, closed their labors with the night and returned home by the Perry yesterday morning. This last is a newly formed Band, though made up of experienced musicians, as their performance bore witness.

The visiting companies, the Pawtucket Light Guard and Columbian Engine Company No. 5 of New Bedford, remained over till yesterday. The former were the guests of the Artillery of this city, who entertained them in a manner worthy of themselves.

The Perry took a large number on her first trip to Providence yesterday morning, but a larger number pre-empted themselves at noon; so large, indeed, that she could not take them, and a large number were left upon the wharf, including the Pawtucket Light Guard, who were bound to lay over until this morning.

The Columbians, after partaking of a beautiful collation provided for them by the "Threes," "relished" by sallies of wit and good humor, took up their line of march a little after 2 P. M., for the Jenny Lind lying at Danvers's Wharf. The scenes here enacted just previous to the embarkation of the company, were rich in fun and traffic, presenting one entire new feature in fire-mens' diversions. This was as follows:—Some half a dozen strong men would fit a man from the ground, place him in a horizontal position in their arms and toss him some four feet in the air several times in succession, catching him in their arms again as he came down. They first tried it on their Foreman, by way of a demonstration of its feasibility, after which they put others through the same process. Among these were some of the "solid men" of Newport, as D. F. Swinburne, Esq., "Bob" Franklin, Benj. H. Ailman, Jr., and even our worthy and stout Chief Engineer had to be sent up, as also the Local had to come "to it," who being in an unwary moment seized upon in a twinkling found himself "rising in the world" in a manner he never before dreamed of. At length the bell gave the signal for starting, and the Columbians were compelled at last to "walk the plank." A finer body of men never donned a fireman's uniform, than the members of this company. As the boat moved away from the wharf, cheer after cheer went up from boat and shore, the band playing "Sweet Home," "The Girl I left Behind me," and "Yankee Doodle."

James Perry Butts, of Providence, brought to this city the account book of his grandfather, who sold meat in the "red market," corner of Thames street and Long Wharf, one hundred and four years ago, and he proposes to exhibit at that place his book, to-morrow at 10 A.M. o'clock, to show the prices of beef, and compare them with our prices, and the manner in which his grandfather kept his accounts. Mr. B. will present a piece made of the wood of the ship that was at Namquit Point, (now Gaspee Point) Tuesday, June 9th, 1772.

